黑夜给了我黑色的眼睛  
我却用它寻找光明  
  
ONE GENERATION  
darkness gave me the black eyes  
i’m using it looking forward to bright

"斷章" (卞之琳)  
你站在橋上看風景，  
看風景的人在樓上看你。  
明月裝飾了你的窗子，  
你裝飾了別人的夢。

you standing on the bridge looking at scenery  
the man who looking at scenery is looking at you  
the bright moon decorates your window  
you decorates the other's dream

or

FRAGMENT   
Bian Zhilin.   
  
You are standing on a bridge enjoying the view;   
Someone's watching you from a balcony  
  
The moon adorns your window;   
You adorn someone else's dream.

**Bei Dao (1949- ) - pseudonym of Zhao Zhengkai**

Chinese poet, who became in the 1970s the poetic voice of his generation. Bei Dao's education was interrupted by the Cultural Revolution. He was a political activist but later lost his enthusiasm, and started to write as an alternative to his early actions. His central themes are the pressures of a conformist society, disillusionment, and sense of rootlessness.

After braving the music of the air raid alarm

I hang my shadow on the hat-stand

take off the dog's eyes

(which I use for escape)

remove my false teeth (these final words)

and close my astute and experienced pocket watch

(that garrisoned heart)

The hours fall in the water one after the other

in my dreams like depth bombs

they explode

(from 'Coming Home at Night' in Old Snow, 1991)

*Hai Zi (1964–1989) was born and raised in a farming village in Anhui Province. When he was fifteen he passed the entrance exam to the prestigious Beijing University, and at twenty, he started teaching philosophy and art theory at China University of Political Science and Law. Between 1984 and 1989, he wrote about 200 poems and several epics. He committed suicide in March 1989 by laying himself on a railroad track at Beijing Shanhaiguan. His books published posthumously in China include* Earth *(1990),* Works of Hai Zi and Luo Yihe *(1991),* Poems of Hai Zi *(1995),* The Complete Works of Hai Zi *(1997),* Hai Zi *(2006),* Selected Works of Hai Zi *(2006), and* Poetry of Hai Zi *(2007).  
  
Ye Chun has published one book of poetry,* Travel over Water *(The Bitter Oleander Press, 2005). Her poems and translations have appeared in* AGNI, American Poetry Review, Indiana Review, New Letters, Poetry International, *and others.*  
  
  
**From June to October**  
  
Woman of June gathers water, gathers moonlight  
Woman of July sells cotton  
Woman under the August tree  
washes her ears  
I hear in the opposite window  
that the woman of September is engaged  
her ring like a wet chick in her pocket  
Woman of October blows out the candles  
of her wedding. Black doors  
fall on the grasslands

**Moon**  
  
Chimney smoke up and down  
The moon is a white ape digging a well  
The moon is a white ape smiling wanly on the river  
  
How many times blood trickles out of the sky  
The white ape flows past a bell tower  
The moon is a white ape smiling wanly  
The moon breaks its own heart  
  
  
**July is Not Far**  
  
                       *—for Qinghai Lake, please put out my love*  
  
July is not far  
The birth of sex is not far  
Love is not far—under a horse’s nose  
salt in the lake  
  
Thus Qinghai is not far  
Beehives along the lake  
make me lugubrious:   
Flowers bloom in green grass.   
  
On Qinghai Lake  
my loneliness is like heaven’s horse  
(Thus, heaven’s horse is not far)   
  
I am the loveseed: the wild flower   
sung in poems, the only fatal flower   
in the belly of heaven’s horse  
(Qinghai Lake, put out my love!)   
  
The green stem of a wild flower is not far  
The ancient names in the medicine chest are not far  
(Other bums, their sicknesses cured  
returned home, I want to go visit you now)   
  
Thus over the mountain and across the water   
death is not far  
Bones hang in my body like branches on blue water  
  
O Qinghai Lake, the dusk-covered water:   
Everything is in front of me!   
  
But the birds of May have flown away  
The first bird that drinks my head of jewels has flown away  
Only Qinghai Lake stays, this corpse of jewels  
                                       this dusk-covered water

**Folk Artists**  
  
Three blind men on the plain  
are leaving for the far  
  
Red handdrums suddenly beat  
at midnight  
  
There’s no dead man  
no datewood crutch being buried  
  
Beat, beat  
The heart sleeps in the farthest place  
  
Three blind men on the plain  
are leaving for the far  
  
That night  
they eat sorghum pancakes in the dark  
  
  
**Ocean Overhead**   
  
Primitive mother  
hides from a farmer  
She throws his sickle in the field  
drowns her baby in the well  
and lets the field lie waste  
  
In the lamplight it seems I’ve met her  
She jumps into the ocean  
and the ocean hangs over the barn  
It seems the snow  
of my hair and my father’s is burning  
  
  
**Ballads**  
1.  
  
If you’re my brother you wave your hand  
If you aren’t you go on your way  
  
Little lamp, little lamp, lift his buried eyes  
  
Your woods are big and black  
Your horse is not quiet  
Your lips have wild honey  
Are you a husband—or a brother  
  
Little lamp, little lamp, lift his buried eyes  
  
If you’re my brother you wave your hand  
If you aren’t you go on your way  
  
2.   
  
White pigeons, white pigeons  
tie my scarf  
Wind blows your bodies  
and blows my white scarf  
  
White pigeons white pigeons don’t say a word  
Pretty head little sun  
turns into moon at night  
White pigeons white pigeons don’t say a word  
  
3.   
  
Moon moon slowly climbs  
shines on a wooden bed  
River river quickly flows  
covers the flesh in my heart  
  
White horse crosses the river, a spread of white  
Black horse crosses the river, a spread of black  
This river is always  
the river in my heart  
  
White horse crosses the river, a full moon  
Black horse crosses the river, a half moon  
This moon is always   
the moon on my bed  
  
□

<http://strayshot.blogspot.com/2009/04/poems-by-hai-zi-translated-by-yuze-sun.html>